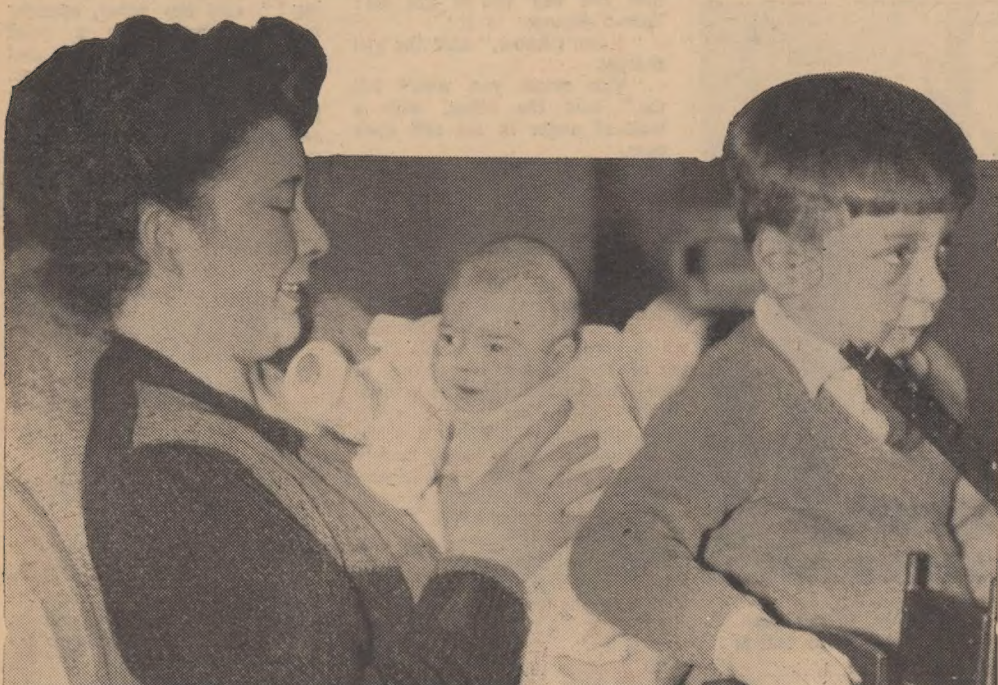


Good Morning 528

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



FIRST VIEW OF JANICE for E.R.A. Thomas Mascall

IT seems that E.R.A. Thomas Mascall has achieved a lifelong ambition now that he is a "real" sailor, because when we called at his home, 15 Madeira Villas, Exmouth, his mother told us that Tom wanted to join the Royal Navy when he was only five years old.

"But you wouldn't want to leave your Mummy, would you?" she said then, and little Tommy replied with all the confidence of his mature years, "Oh, that'll be all right. I'll get home to bed every night, of course!"

He has learnt since then that sailors don't get home quite so frequently. But his pretty wife, Margaret (Peggy to her friends) joined the Wrens three years ago, and, having the good luck to be stationed near home, she was able to get back each evening. So you can't tell—even in the Navy.

Mrs. Mascall has left the Service now to attend to very urgent domestic matters, as you can see in the picture. Little Janice is six weeks old, and takes a lively interest in all about her.

Father hasn't seen her yet, so maybe this photograph will be a pleasant surprise.

Tony, just four years old, doesn't see why his sister should have all the spotlight (quite rightly, too!), so he has climbed on the chair, ostensibly to study his new fire engine, which was his last birthday gift. Mrs. Mascall told us, however, that he is really very good and sacrificing with the baby.

Tom's father, who recently retired after thirty-four years in the Engineers' Department of the Post Office, explained that his son went to Exmouth Grammar School, passed the Boy Artificer's Examination, and entered the Royal Navy at the age of 15½.

Now he's completed nearly ten years' service, during which time he's had his full share of excitement. And not the least of the hectic times, we understand, was his twentieth birthday celebration in New York. Happy day!

When we asked for a family

message for Tom, "Tell him," said Dad, "that beer is still very scarce." Mother chipped in with, "Say I'm helping with the children and keeping Peggy in order. He'll enjoy that."

Peggy smiled and said good-night on her way to the bathroom with little Janice, and added, "Tell Tom I hope he

keeps fit, and to hurry home." We asked Tony if he had anything to say to Daddy. His answer was forthright and honest. "Tell Daddy," he said, "that I'm still a scallywag!" And we could almost hear Tiger-Tony's one-year-old kitten—purr "Amen" to that...

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

AGAIN the story of the midget submarines has been told. This time in the "Sunday Express" which I quote:—

When the war began it was clear that some of the age-old problems of naval warfare would once more demand solution.

Some original thinking had to be done, a new weapon and new tactics devised.

The British midget submarine was designed and built in unknown numbers; crews were trained and exercised.

It was one of the best-kept secrets of the war. The officers and ratings selected for the service simply disappeared from view.

Of course, they had to learn all about the midget submarines. The mechanism and devices were new, and their teething defects had to be remedied while the crews drilled themselves into the exact and certain handling of them.

Meanwhile Hitler and his Admirals were at work providing a target. The Tirpitz came into commission just in time to replace the lost Bismarck.

equivalent of at least 30 submarines.

She was part of the pattern of the Germans' offensive design, while she was fit and ready to fight we would have to station at least two battleships or their equivalent at every important point within her reach, exposing them thereby to underwater attack and the hazards of the sea.

When the Scharnhorst, almost the equivalent of another battleship, was ready to operate along with the Tirpitz the strain on our Navy would be intense.

FROM the Norwegian fjords the Tirpitz made occasional hasty sorties into open water.

Each time she encountered adventures most upsetting to the nerves of the High Command, and so, after several narrow escapes, she was ordered to run no more risks and take shelter on the Norwegian coast.

Alten Fjord was the place selected.

As a final precaution she anchored close to the ultimate cliff with her outer side guarded by nets and booms, while down the length of the fjord—nearly 50 miles following the bends—there was small craft and minefields, and listening posts, everything that ingenuity could devise to keep the enemy from approaching her. It was necessary that the

Health director for UNRRA American born Dr. William Sawyer has biggest list of prospective patients in the world and some of the problems he's up against are here described by JOHN KING

World is his Patient

DR. WILBURN AUGUSTUS SAWYER is the doctor with the biggest list of prospective patients in the world. At the age of sixty-one, when many medical men are thinking of retiring, he is keyed up to undertake duties that many a younger doctor might think twice about.

As World Director of Health for U.N.R.R.A., it is his duty to see that every country freed from the enemy, if that country asks for medical assistance, receives it on the largest possible scale in the shortest possible time.

Doctor Sawyer, an American, was born in Wisconsin. In the last war he fought with the United States Army; to-day he is returning to the old battlefields, only this time his main enemy will be sickness and disease.

Until he left America for Britain, so that he might be nearer the actual scene of operations, the doctor with the terrific job lived in an old house on the banks of the River Hudson.

Apart from his work, Doctor Sawyer enjoys nothing better than pottering around his garden, doing those little odd jobs every gardener enjoys.

He is said to have been among the most successful men in America so far as the cultivation of rhododendrons is concerned.

The Health Director of U.N.R.R.A., who has been Director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller

Foundation for the past nine years, is well known for his vaccine against yellow fever.

He studied this dread disease in Nigeria, on the Gold Coast, and in Brazil, and is one of the world's greatest authorities on the subject.

His appointment as U.N.R.R.A.'s Health Director was a popular one. The balding, spectacled and quiet-spoken American, with his flair for work, and genius for organisation, has had every opportunity for showing his all-round ability, and has added to his already big reputation.

USELESS EUSTACE



"That's right, start by spoiling her! Giving her breakfast in bed!"

Few people appreciate the mammoth task that confronts those who plan to bring order out of Europe's medical chaos.

The Germans, who realised after drastic use of the firing squads that there were other means of killing off the people they had beaten in battle, set about the task of sending back to Germany all the medical drugs they could lay their thieving hands upon, destroyed hospitals and clinics, sent to Germany, or into arms factories working for the Wehrmacht, the trained medical personnel.

The result has been a great rise in the number of fatal illnesses, nations suffering badly from malnutrition, and a great rise in T.B.

Already, in some countries, nutrition experts of U.N.R.R.A.'s Health Division are working. Their specialised knowledge, it is hoped, will play a vital part in building up those young children who have suffered physically, as well as mentally under the strain of German occupation.

Speed is the essence of success in this medical venture into Europe, and to reduce the number of casualties, and give efficient service to the largest possible number of patients, special emergency units have been devised.

The basic supplies are in two forms: (1) An emergency unit containing everything needed for 100,000 people for one month; (2) a standard unit with supplies for 1,000,000 folk for three months. Each unit, in addition, contains one hospital with beds for 200 patients, an operating and X-ray theatre, and five 40-bed hospitals for use in lonely country areas.

Everything possible, including midwives' outfits, epidemic control units, mobile laboratories, and water purification outfits, are at the disposal of Dr. Sawyer's outfit for use in Europe if required.

U.N.R.R.A., it should be explained, does not just go into Europe and work off its own bat. It has to be asked by a Government to give assistance before it makes a move.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Sawyer, and his men of medicine and science, will perform work in Europe that will make them remembered, with reverence, for many years to come.

The Tirpitz was not sunk; that would be too much to hope for, but her sides were sufficiently riddled (it seems possible that her screws or her rudder were damaged as well) to compel her to stay where she was, to be dealt with again.

The least that had been achieved at the cost of three tiny submarines was the immobilisation of a big battleship for six months or more, and by the grim arithmetical methods of war that was a bargain at usurious profit.

The relief in itself was almost too great to be estimated in figures. It was clearly demonstrated on the day after Christmas, when the Germans struck at the Russian convoy with all they had—in other words, with the Scharnhorst—and were decisively beaten in the battle in which she was sunk by the Duke of York, one battleship instead of the two which would have at least been necessary to back up the convoy escort if the Tirpitz had been unable.

Forgive me re-telling that story again—but we still talk of that episode in the pubs. And we'll continue to talk about it, though the Tirpitz is no more.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Crew emerge from their "Mighty Midget," weapon for heroes.

Tirpitz should be destroyed or the detonation of the torpedoes rendered harmless. So the midgets set out in September of last year.

They were men linked in the friendship of close association. Only a few weeks before, Lt. Place, having reached the mature age of 22, had married Miss Tickler, of the W.R.N.S., and his best man was Lt. Henty-Creer.

The German precautions were directed against submarines of the conventional type, but wire netting that will keep foxes out of a hen roost will not keep out snakes.

Henty-Creer succeeded in taking his boat far up the fjord before the obstructions immobilised him.

Place and Cameron did not merely make their way up the whole length of the fjord, but they penetrated the final barrier, the nets and booms that surrounded the Tirpitz at her anchorage. Inside the boom they were less than 200 yards away, could aim their torpedoes accurately, and make sure of scoring hits.

There was only a few seconds' interval (either before or after, we do not know which) between the discovery by the startled Germans of periscopes close alongside and

They opened a furious fire, and the attendant small craft came dashing inside the boom to attack too late—the huge bulk of the Tirpitz, all the 45,000 tons of her, heaved and tossed with the smashing force of the explosions—thanks to recent discoveries in explosives even the small torpedo launched from a midget submarine can do extensive damage.

TWO midgets blew up as well. The Germans to this day do not know whether they destroyed themselves or whether Germany can console herself with the poor satisfaction of having sunk them herself.

But Cameron and Place, with most of their crews, were safe, picked up by the German small craft, and in their prison camp in Germany received the news that their daring and skill had been rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

Henty-Creer and his men had given their lives. And their ship would give no information to the Germans.

Concluding SKIPPER OF THE OSPREY

By W. W. JACOBS

THE deck was drying in white patches as she went above, and the mate was sitting yawning at the wheel, his eyelids red for want of sleep.

"Didn't I tell you to call me at two o'clock?" she demanded, confronting him.

"It's all right," said the mate. "I thought when you woke would be soon enough. You looked tired."

"I think you'd better go when we get to Ipswich," said the girl, tightening her lips. "I'll ship somebody who'll obey orders."

"I'll go when we get back to London," said the mate. "I'll hand the barge over to the cap'n, and nobody else."

"Well, we'll see," said the girl, as she took the wheel.

"I think you'll go at Ipswich." For the remainder of the voyage the subject was not alluded to; the mate, in spirit of sulky pride, kept to the fore part of the boat, except when he was steering, and, as far as practicable, the girl ignored his presence. In this spirit of mutual forbearance they entered the Orwell, and ran swiftly up to Ipswich.

It was late in the afternoon, when they arrived there, and the new skipper, waiting only until they were made fast, went ashore, leaving the mate in charge. She had been gone about an hour when a small telegraph boy appeared, and, after boarding the barge in the unsafest manner possible, handed him a telegram. The mate read it and his face flushed. With even more than the curtness customary

in language at a halfpenny a gave a little sigh, and went below river. "The old boat seems to there," inquired the girl, eyeing word, it contained his dismissal, to tea.

"I've had a telegram from your father sacking me," he said to the girl, as she returned soon after laden with small parcels.

"Yes, I wired him to," she replied calmly. "I suppose you'll go now?"

"I'd rather go back to London with you," he said slowly.

"I daresay," said the girl. "As a matter of fact I wasn't meaning for you to go, but when you said you wouldn't I thought we'd see who was master. I've shipped another mate, so you see I haven't lost much time."

"Who is he," inquired the mate. "Man named Charlie Lee," replied the girl; "the foreman here told me of him."

"He'd no business too," said the mate, frowning; "he's a loose fish; take my advice now and ship somebody else. He's not at all the sort of chap I'd choose for you to sail with."

"You'd choose," said the girl scornfully; "dear me, what a pity you didn't tell me before."

"He's a public-house loafer," said the mate, meeting her eye angrily, "and about as bad as they make 'em; but I s'pose you'll have your own way."

"He won't frighten me," said the girl. "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself, thank you. Good evening."

The mate stepped ashore with a small bundle, leaving the remainder of his possessions to go back to London with the barge. The girl watched his well-knit figure as it strode up the quay until it was out of sight, and then, inwardly piqued because he had not turned round for a parting glance,



"Why, come in, young man. . . I used to know your father!"

whose home was at Ipswich, sleeping ashore, and on the morning of the third he turned up punctually at six o'clock, and they put it on myself," said the girl. "All right, no offence," said the mate, "What an obstinate little devil you are."

"Don't talk rubbish," said the new mate carefully adjusted his red necktie and smiled indulgently.

"Well you're the prettiest cap'n I've ever sailed under," he said. "What do they call that red cap you've got on? Tam-o'-Shanter is it?"

"I don't know," said the girl shortly.

"You mean you won't tell me," said the other, with a look of anger in his soft dark eyes.

"Just as you like," said she, and Lee, whistling softly, turned on his heel and began to busy himself with some small matter forward.

The rest of the day passed quietly, though there was a freedom in the new mate's manner which made the redoubtable skipper of *Osprey* regret her change of crew, and to treat him with more civility than her proud spirit quite approved of. There was but little wind, and the barge merely crawled along as the captain and mate, with surreptitious glances took each other's measure.

"This is the nicest trip I've ever had," said Lee, as he came up from an unduly prolonged tea, with a strong-smelling cigar in his mouth. "I've brought your jacket up."

"I don't want it, thank you," said the girl.

"Better have it," said Lee, holding it up for her.

"When I want my jacket I'll put it on myself," said the girl.

"All right, no offence," said the mate, "What an obstinate little devil you are."

"Have you got any drink down

"Just a little drop o' whiskey, my dear, for the spasms," said Lee facetiously. "Will you have a drop?"

"I won't have any drinking here," said she sharply. "If you want to drink, wait till you get ashore."

"You won't have any drinking!" said the other, opening his eyes, and with a quiet chuckle he dived below and brought up a bottle and a glass.

"Here's wishing a better temper to you, my dear," he said amiably, as he tossed off a glass. "Come, you'd better have a drop. It'll put a little colour in your cheeks."

"Put it away now, there's a good fellow," said the captain timidly, as she looked anxiously at the nearest sail, some two miles distant.

"It's the only friend I've got," said Lee, sprawling gracefully on the hatches, and replenishing his glass. "Look here. Are you on for a bargain?"

"What do you mean?" inquired the girl.

"Give me a kiss, little spitfire, and I won't take another drop to-night," said the new mate tenderly. "Come, I won't tell."

"You may drink yourself to death before I'll do that," said the girl, striving to speak calmly. "Don't talk that nonsense to me again."

She stooped over as she spoke and made a sudden grab at the bottle, but the new mate was too quick for her, and, snatching it up jeeringly, dared her to come for it.

"Come on, come and fight for it," said he; "hit me if you

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A shaheen is an Arab woman, fish, bird, Egyptian servant, shark's scale?
2. What was (a) the nationality, (b) the name, of the king who ordered the sea to go back at Southampton?
3. How would you tell a rook from a crow?
4. Of what wood are draughtsmen's rulers made?
5. What is the highest rank in the Police Force, and what shoulder insignia go with it?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Torquay, Weymouth, Bournemouth, Brighton, Peacehaven, Eastbourne, Hastings.

Answers to Quiz in No. 527

1. Puzzle.
2. James I, of Great Britain, France and Ireland—in the Dedication!
3. House-sparrow has very short stumpy beak, wings, legs and tail; hedge-sparrow is opposite in all these.
4. Ash.
5. Superintendent.
6. Granite is a fire-formed rock; others are sedimentary.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



A SOLDIER who gave himself up after being absent 44 days said his mind was a blank.

He agreed to be hypnotised, and during 90 minutes under hypnosis he revealed most of his movements.

He had been to Reading and other towns, lay in the sun most days, and slept in barns.

This story was told when Pte. W. A. Tremblay, Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, appeared before a South of England court-martial.

He said that for 44 days from the time he left the hospital where he was employed until he surrendered, he was not conscious of what he had been doing. His consciousness returned when he picked up a newspaper and noticed the date. "I felt," he said, "as if I had awakened from an anaesthetic."

The court-martial findings will be announced later.

Not bad, not bad.

★

RESIDENTS of an ultra-respectable suburb of Southampton were shocked at breakfast-time one sunny morning to see one of their most-respected neighbours sauntering homewards in pyjamas, dressing gown and bedroom slippers, and carrying a steel helmet.

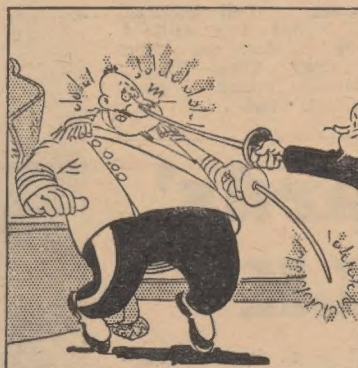
Explanation of his bedroom outfit—plus the tin-hat—was that he had been on street fire guard duty during the night.

He had dressed and turned out for a siren warning of the approach of a "buzz-bomb," and, after the All Clear, had undressed and turned in again.

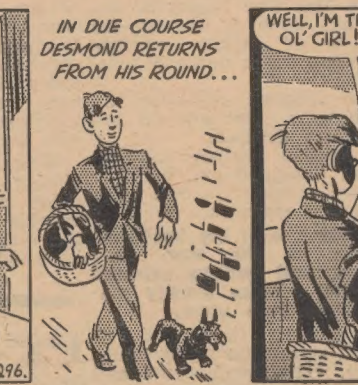
When the Alert sounded a second time, he decided it was not worth dressing again, so, slipping on slippers, dressing gown and tin-hat, he strolled about the garden.

Then he decided to walk down the road to his garage and sit in his car until the All Clear sounded again. But he didn't hear it, and slept peacefully until the noises of the awakening suburb aroused him.

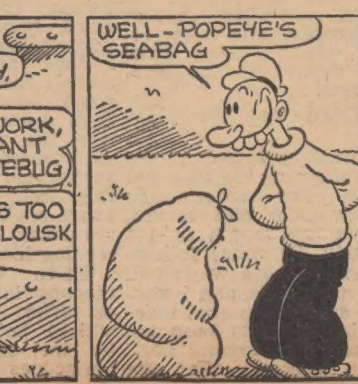
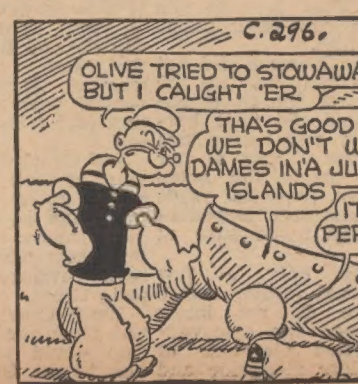
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—467

1. Insert consonants in: A*O**O and A***O*I*E and get a god and a goddess.

2. In these two insects the syllables and the letters in them have been shuffled. What are they?

IGWEEB — LETARE.

3. If "despond" is the "pond of despair," what is the pond of (a) communication, (b) thinking?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 466

1. WOLVERHAMPTON, BIRMINGHAM.
2. GROCER—CHANDLER.
3. Marmoset, Weasel, Walrus, Mouse.

JANE



MATE'S CHECKMATE

(Continued from Page 2)

"Jack?" said the girl. "That's me," said the figure. "You didn't expect to see me, did you? I thought perhaps you didn't know what was good for you, so I stowed myself away last night, and here I am."

"Have you heard what that fellow has been saying to me?" demanded Miss Cringle, with a spice of the old temper leavening her voice once more. "Every word," said the mate cheerfully. "Why didn't you come up and stand by me?" inquired the girl hotly. The mate hung his head. "Oh," said the girl, and her tones were those of acute disappointment, "you're afraid."

"I'm not," said the mate scornfully. "Why didn't you come up, then, instead of skulking down here?" inquired the girl. The mate scratched the back of his neck and smiled, but weakly. "Well, I—I thought"—he began, and stopped.

"You thought"—prompted but the mate's temper, which had suffered badly through his treatment of the last few days, was up, and he sent him heavily down speaking quickly, "and that it again."

"There's a little dark dingle hole forward," said the mate, after waiting some time for him to rise again, "just the place for you to go and think over your sins in. If I see you come out of it until we get to London, I'll hurt you. Now clear."

The other cleared, and, carefully avoiding the girl, who was standing close by, disappeared below.

"You've hurt him," said the girl, coming up to the mate and laying her hand on his arm. "What a horrid temper you've got."

"It was him asking you to kiss him that upset me," said the mate apologetically. "He put his arm around my waist," said Miss Cringle, blushing.

"What!" said the mate, stut-tering, "put his—put his arm—your waist—like"—

His courage suddenly forsook him. "Like what?" inquired the girl, with superb innocence. "Like that," said the mate manfully. "That'll do," said Miss Cringle softly, "that'll do. You're as bad as he is, only the worst of it is there is nobody here to prevent you."

END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1 Teems.

6 Fibre.

10 Trust.

11 Snake.

12 Show.

14 Cylinder.

15 Vehicle.

16 Fur.

18 Detail.

20 Facile.

22 Because.

23 Make amends.

25 Parent.

26 Clothes.

27 Precipitation.

29 Partridge broods.

31 Secure.

32 Yarn.

33 Display.

35 Past.

36 Become.

37 Curve.

38 Lower dignity of.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Particular.

2 Burning.

3 Doubled.

4 Rodents.

5 Unvarying.

7 Ebony.

8 Pier.

9 Chum.

13 Tuns.

14 Stair front.

17 Adult.

19 Colour.

21 Refreshment place.

24 Bind.

25 Of mixed colours.

26 Sage.

28 Precious stone.

29 Animal enclosure.

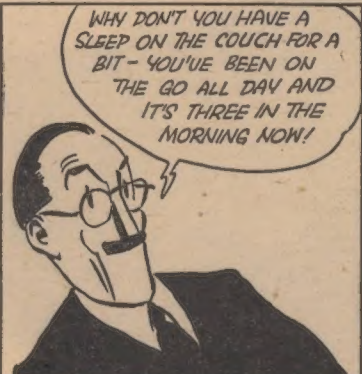
30 Secure.

32 Small flap.

34 Edge.

BOARD CATCH RUSE FURORE UTTER MAKE SLIDES BAWL HER BURLY O IT FUGUE HO N PETAL COP GEUM REHASH DRAW RADIO MISLAY KEEL STEED METRE

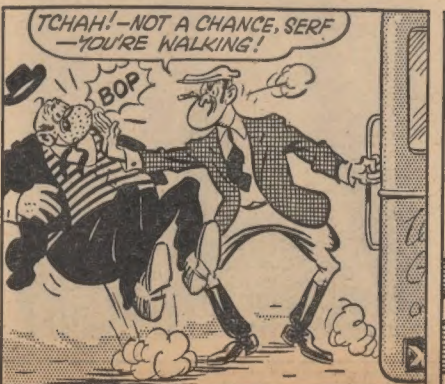
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Alex Cracks

From her bed: "Dear, do you still love me?" His bed: "Not if it's to put the cat out."

Modern widow's weeds: Plain or cork-tipped.

Beak: "So this is the girl charged with dancing in the street, clad only in a string of beads? What was her conduct at the time of her arrest?"

Officer: "She was quite unstrung, sir."



"Shame on you, Mr. Gilray, shame! After all your fine talk of the platonic!"

SENSOR ROUNDS TATTENHAM CORNER

HE'S coming into the straight now! Still moving smoothly, with the same easy stride with which he set out, he sees the end in sight—at last. Redoubling his efforts, he produces this gem:—

See-saw, Margery Daw, Jenny shall have a new master; She shall have but a penny a day Because she can't — any faster.

The old, old story of new masters and old mistresses has never been bettered, we submit. And yet we wonder. Isn't this a case where haste often leads to waste?



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! This lovely Tudor terrace is a part of St. Williams' College at York. Huddling at the foot of the high towers of York Minster, it has the appearance of having slumbered in the sunlight for all these years. And now its serenity can never be disturbed for the National Trust has taken it under its all-shielding cloak.

LYNN BARI WANTS TO KNOW.

On the other hand, what we want to know is Lynn Bari. Do we stand half a chance with this 20th Century Fox star? Give us half a chance!



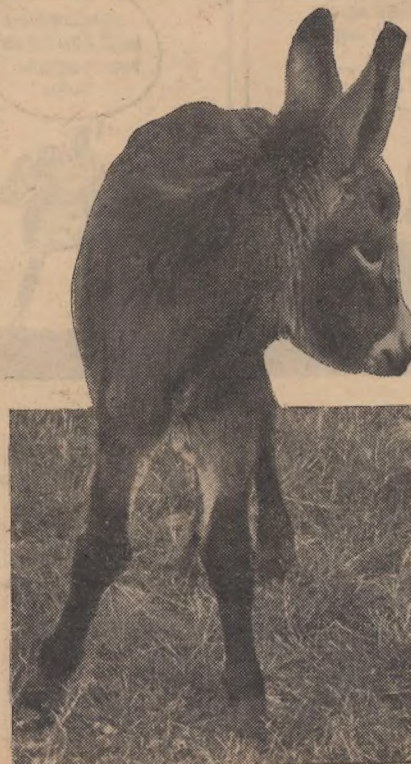
"S'pose it's no good telling the old lady her hands are icy cold—and knobbly!"



"What's she doing now — garrotting me? I'll be lucky to come through this alive."



"Great Scot! She's actually managed it. And I'm still all in one piece!"



* "Rum sort of place I've got into," is, no doubt, what this week-old moke is thinking.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I knew your mother — on Margate sands."

